

Sisyphus of Anacostia

by Drew Jackson

Big Girl stops on Talbert Hill. "Baby," she groans, "I'm having a problem." Big Girl always stops on Talbert Hill.

"Thighs thick as that," I tell her, "you should be scooping up my narrow ass and carrying it on up this hill."

It's just me and Big Girl on Talbert Hill in Southeast. Me and Big Girl and all those fine handfuls of back she totes around in front of Beer Food Wine on the corner of Good Hope and Thirteenth. I've been trying to get her up to my house since the Dollar Store was the Five and Dime, but Big Girl won't climb this hill for nothing.

I put both hands down low on those painted-on jeans and push, but Big Girl laughs and leans back like she's working for the hill. I ease Big Girl one step up. We slide back two.

But tonight, when I beat this hill, everyone will see me and Big Girl sitting on my front stoop until the pink streetlights come on. When we take it inside, I'm going to pull out the bottle. The Alizé Bleu will glow like it's wired up to a car battery. And when The Isley Brothers start playing smooth on my stereo, all that ass will come falling out like church folk on Sunday.

